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LYCIDAS,

A

MASQUE.

To which is added

DELIA,

A

PASTORAL ELEGY;

AND

VERSES

On the DEATH of the

MARQUIS of CARMARTHEN.

Nobilitas Sola atque unica Virtus.

JUVENAL.

L O N D O N :

Printed for THOMAS POTE, next *Serjeant's-Inn-Gate*, *Fleet-Street*.

MDCC LXII.

LYCIDIAS

MASQUILL

To which is added

DELEIA

PASTORAL ELEGY;



VERSES

On the DEATH of the

MARQUIS of CARMARTHEN.

Written by the same Author

London

Printed by

LONDON

Printed for Thomas Bohn, near St. Dunstons Church, Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXII

ply be censured --- I would not presume too
 much, even in my pretensions to gratitude, yet
 I cannot, without pleasure and mingled vanity,
 reflect on our connection at Eton, which I
 shall ever remember with peculiar satisfaction;
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
 Lord **CHARLES SPENCER,**

MY LORD, Your Lordship's

A Young Author, on his first coming
 into the world, is ever studious of pro-
 priety in his appearance; a Dedication and
 Preface are looked upon as necessary as a Title
 Page; the reasons for the first are two-fold;
 either by a distinguished name to give weight
 to a performance in the eye of the world, or
 sometimes as a conveyance of grateful senti-
 ments. At the same time that I am convinced
 I can have no claim to your Lordship's Patro-
 nage, I am extreamly sensible, how much the
 following sheets stand in need of it --- Interest,
 therefore, in the first place being so openly
 avowed, my candour in the second, may possi-
 bly

DEDICATION.

bly be censured --- I would not presume too much, even in my pretensions to gratitude, yet I cannot, without pleasure and mingled vanity, reflect on our connection at ETON, which I shall ever remember with peculiar satisfaction; deign then, my Lord, to accept this small, tho' public testimony of a school-fellow's gratitude; who, as then, begs only to be consider'd, as

Your LORDSHIP'S

MY LORD,

most devoted, obliged,
and obedient humble Servant,
Thomas Lamb.
AD V E R

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scene of the following performance is laid in the Vale of Arno, on the north-side of the Cheviot-Hills, in Northumberland. The inhabitants of the vale are poetically considered, as a kind of republic of shepherds — Pollio's principality is a district of the Picts, on the hither side of the same hills — I hope the reader will pardon me the fiction of the institution of May-day; as, however I may have violated tradition, I hope it will be considered as poetical.

C H O R U S of Nymphs and Shepherds.

Dramatis Personæ.

LYCIDAS — A young Shepherd of the first Rank,
in Love with *Daphne*.

POLLIO — Prince of the *Pists*, his Rival.

NISUS — Friend to *Pollio*.

DAPHNE — A Shepherdess of Distinction, in
Love with *Lycidas*.

PRIESTESS of **FLORA**.

CHORUS of Nymphs and Shepherds.

L Y C I D A S,

^A
M A S Q U E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Priestesses of Flora (with the Temple in Perspective) and
Assembly of Nymphs and Shepherds.*

Priestesses of FLORA.

RECITATIVE, or spoke.

ATTEND ye shepherds, and ye virgin train,
Of blooming nymphs, who grace our happy plain;
Your oaten reeds and flow'ry chaplets bring,
Prepare our May-day festival to sing;
With chearful chorus, and in merry strain,
Proclaim the blooming spring, ye youthful train;
To love and chastity new altars place,
And sweet-ey'd modesty, the Sex's grace;

But

But first invoke the genius of the spring,
To love and Flora, the due rites begin.

MAY-DAY ODE.

A I R.

Deign, almighty love t' inspire,
Each youthful heart, with chaste desire ;
Extend to all thy genial fire,
The season blooms for thee.
The verdant meads and shady groves,
Sweet conscious scenes of happy loves ;
In which the constant shepherd proves,
His bliss deriv'd from thee.

CHORUS of *Nymphs and Shepherds.*

CHORUS.

*The pleasing fires
Which you inspire,
The modest flame which virtue awes ;
To thee we give,
To love we live,
Thy warmth, those icy fetters thaws.*

Priestess of FLORA. ODE continued.

A I R.

Flora, all thy beauties bring,
Deck with flow'rs, the chearful spring ;
The birds in native carols sing,

The

[II]

The power of mighty love:
Ye sordid passions, fly from hence,
And jealousy, love's great offence;
But virtue, our chaste flame's defence,
Thy influence let us prove.

Nymphs and Shepherds.

CHORUS.

*The pleasing fire,
Which you inspire,
The modest flame which virtue awes;
To thee we give,
To love we live,
Thy warmth, those icy fetters thaw.*

Priestess of FLORA. A myrtle Wreath in her Hand.

RECITATIVE.

Haste! haste! ye shepherds, as our rites ordain,
Chuse from the nymphs, of this our happy plain;
The maid whom virtue and bright beauty own,
On whom I may bestow this myrtle crown.

LYCIDAS *taking DAPHNE and presenting her.*

RECITATIVE.

Daphne alone that honour can obtain,
Daphne the fairest of bright Arno's train;

SCENE

To

To Daphne's merit it is due alone,
Whom blooming Venus and chaste Dian own.

The priestess crowns Daphne.]

LYCIDAS *and the Priestess.*

DUETTO.

Hail bright virgin chaste as fair,
Whom heaven makes its darling care ;
Ceres in thee no more shall pine,
For her lost daughter Proserpine :
Each year a May-day queen supplies
The daughter Pluto's love denies ;
These rites she bad t'abate the woe,
For her she lost so long ago.
Gloomy Dis surpriz'd her maying,
Nymphs beware of careless straying.

Nymphs and Shepherds.

CHORUS.

*To Ceres' daughter homage pay,
Hail and obey the queen of May ;
In virtue, beauty such as thine,
She'll mourn no more her Proserpine.*

*[The scene closes with dances and rural sports in
honour of Flora and Daphne — A may-pole
adorned with garlands, in the back scene, and
shepherds and nymphs dancing round it.]*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The SCENE opening discovers Lycidas Reading; he comes forward.

R E C I T A T I V E.

VIRTUE, thou awful theme! thou heav'n-born maid!
 Subdue my passions, and exalt my heart!
 Come to my soul! support me with thy aid,
 Deign on my mind a ray of truth t' impart!
 O! calm philosophy! thou flame divine!
 Thou gentle sweetness! balm to human care!
 Thy pow'r controuls the shaking hand of time,
 And gives the wretched ease in fell despair!

Enter D A P H N E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Forgive me, Lycidas, if I intrude,
 To pay my thanks, my only gratitude;
 Too small my merit, this day's claim t'assert;
 The swains regard your voice, not my desert.

L Y C I D A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Intrusion sure ne'er wore a form so fair? —
 Sweet modesty! yet diffidence beware,
 Distinction's due to virtue, tho' conceal'd,
 And all our praise must to your merit yield.

D

D A P H N E.

D A P H N E.

RÉCITATIVE.

You ought not sure such precepts to infuse !
 Think on the honours you yourself refuse ;
 Think on the many noble acts you've done ;
 Why shun the wreath your victories have won ?
 To you our happiness and peace we owe,
 Vice you subdue at home, abroad our foe.
 What praise can I deserve —

D A P H N E.

A I R.

I tend my ewes, my fleecy care,
 And seek my goats a mid-day shade ;
 Their happy innocence I share,
 In viewing them my care's repaid.

My bees, the type of industry,
 Enjoy their labour's sweet reward ;
 Their customs, laws, and husbandry,
 Entitle 'em my near regard.

The constant dove I make my care. —
 I hear her murmur to her mate,
 When his return has eas'd despair,
 How much she fear'd and mourn'd his fate.

My

My blooming flow'rs I pleas'd attend,
 Their shades and sweets my time repay ;
 I teach the woodbine how to bend,
 In arbours 'gainst the noon of day.

Like you, I shun the giddy throng,
 Peaceful content will virtue bless !
 Like you, my time slides calmly on,
 Shunning applause for happiness.

Shepherd adieu.

Exit Daphne.]

L Y C I D A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Too beauteous maid ! Alas, when join'd with sense,
 What charms does sweet simplicity dispense !
 Philosophy, thy weakness I perceive,
 Thy blandishments our passions still deceive ;
 I'll pore no more ! [*Throws away the book.*] why should I
 longer read
 Disputes of sages, who our minds mislead ?
 Let *them* discuss the *cause*, I'll try th' *effect* ;
 Nor be unhappy thro' my own neglect.
 I feel the sacred flame ; — my heart outsoars
 All that such dull philosophy explores :
 Love, if thou mak'st thy votaries thy care,
 Reward my vict'ry with the charming fair.

A I R.

A I R.

I.

Come eccho, gentle goddess hie,
On swiftest pinions hither fly ;
Haste, tell the groves, to e'ery vale,
Repeat the love-taught tender tale.

II.

O'er e'ery curling stream repeat,
To e'ery hill each cool retreat ;
Tell, gentle eccho, how I mourn,
Tell Daphne how for her I burn.

A I R, *To a different Measure.*

I.

'Twas Daphne blooming all that's fair,
'Twas with that free engaging air ;
Those speaking eyes where Cupids play,
They stole my youthful heart away.

II.

Her pleasing voice I oft admir'd,
Th' enchanting notes my bosom fir'd :
Pallas must all, she says, approve,
Can Prudence then arraign my love ?

[*Exit* Lycidas.

Enter

Enter POLLIO and NISUS.

N I S U S.

Why do you lead our huntsmen here so far?
Or why so arm'd? Wou'd you renew the war?
Is't that you seek a plea to break the peace?

P O L L I O.

No, a far diff'rent cause—Thy questions cease!
'Tis love conducts me, I'll relate the case;
You'll see his victory, and my disgrace.
Some time since I us'd to visit Lycas;
And saw his daughter—One evening——

A I R.

A ruddy tinge upon each cloud appear'd,
The setting sun beam'd forth his mildest ray;
Again, their drooping heads the flowers rear'd,
And all around confess'd departing day.

The Zephyrs breath'd perfumes in every gale,
The horned moon in silver radiance shone;
The nymphs and swains tript blithe along the vale,—
I met my lovely Daphne all alone.

With her, along the painted meads I stray'd,
The warbling nightingales sung on each spray;
She bad me sing, transported I obey'd,
And from her balmy lips I snatch'd my pay.

The poison from those lips, reveng'd the maid,
Quick to my heart it went, in vain I strove ;
My feeble heart a weak resistance made,
For all around, conspir'd to make me love.

In vain the Zephyrs perfume e'ery gale,
In vain shines forth the silver horned moon ;
In vain chaunts Philomel her plaintive tale,
If lovely Daphne meets me not alone.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Nifus in vain I lov'd — The haughty maid,
With cold indiff'rence, all my flame repaid —
Dispose the huntsmen in yond shady grove,
I'll try for once the last resource of love.

Exeunt.]

LYCIDAS and DAPHNE — *he Sings entering.*

L Y C I D A S.

A I R.

My sweet breath'd herds, my flocks in vain,
Go wildly bleating o'er the plain ;
Daphne's become my only care,
My pleasing pain, my lovely fair.

For thee a chaplet I'll compose,
I'll join the lilly with the rose ;
But ah ! with envy both must die,
When with thy neck, and lips they vie.

I'll search for flowers o'er e'ery hill,
The hyacinth, the sweet jonquill;
For thee the flow'ry wreath I'll twine,
Haste! then my Daphne, come be mine.

For thee I'll raise the jess'mine bow'r,
'Gainst mid-day heat, and falling show'r;
Near where some dimpled, murm'ring stream,
Invites to verse, and gives the theme.

When shadows lengthen o'er the plain,
And shepherds pen their fleecy train;
I'll tune my pipe, I'll chaunt my lays,
But all, in lovely Daphne's praise.

D A P H N E.

Can it be true, that you whom fame reports
So greatly good? — Does love thus make his sports
Such men as you? —

L Y C I D A S.

Ah! cease dear lovely maid,
Or give me hope my flame will be repaid:
I love you with such tenderness, I swear,
When you're consider'd, Fame's beneath my care:
You can give utmost bliss, or curs'd dispair.

D A P H N E.

Shepherd, I have to learn the wiles of love,
My father does your merit much approve;

Spare what my virgin modesty wou'd hide,
In this his wisdom sure can best decide.

L Y C I D A S.

Oh joy extream! *Exit, leading her off.*

End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Lycidas, and Train of Shepherds for the Chace; Boar
Spears in their Hands — Huntsmen, Dogs, &c.*

Symphony of Horns whilst they salute.

LYCIDAS.

INVITING nature seems this day to share
In all our pleasure; since a morn so fair
She ushers on us—haste away my friends,
Since health, and pleasure all our toil attends.

A I R.

Hence, luxury! with all thy train,
Of dire disease, and aching pain;
Sloth, and ease, and sluggard sleep,
Who in the warm bed, love to keep;
Who hate to see the blushing morn,
Or be disturb'd with winding horn.
But blooming health, the rustic's pride,
With youthful vigour by thy side,
Come, and join our merry crew,
We'll brush away the morning dew.
Here let the wretched too repair,
We'll teach him to out-strip his care.

F

CHORUS

CHORUS of Hunters.

Haste then, join our merry crew, T C A
We'll brush away the morning dew;
And let the wretch no more despair,
We'll teach him to out-strip his care.

A. I. R.

The nimble, buxom, bounding doe,
 Shunning man, her deadliest foe,
 Flies swift to covert, from her fears,
 But soon the hot pursuit she hears;
 Then to the hills, and dales she hies,
 We follow faster than she flies;
 The birds are hush'd, the herds from far,
 In silent wonder view the war;
 To woodlands once again she bends,
 Our chorus, all the welkin rends;
 Men, horns, and hounds; sweet melody!
 Eccho prolongs the harmony.

CHORUS of Hunters.

Haste then, join our merry crew,
We'll brush away the morning dew;
And let the wretch no more despair,
We'll teach him to out-strip his care.

A different Measure or RECITATIVE accompanied.

The chase, new vigour will inspire,
 In flame our hearts with active fire;

And,

And, when the trumpet calls to arms,
This spirit still each bosom warms;
The foe respects our hardy race,
Inur'd to warfare by the chase.

CHORUS,

*The foe respects our hardy race,
Inur'd to warfare by the chase,*

Exeunt.]

Enter DAPHNE, — A Bull-Finch in her Hand.

RECITATIVE.

Sweet bird, thy liberty ne'er strive to gain,
My care shall make thee soon forget thy chain,
Thy task shall be to warble out the name
Of my lov'd Lycidas. — So pure a flame
Employs my every thought, my whole regard,
Heav'n grant me pow'r such passion to reward.

AIR.

The sweets my lab'ring bees afford,
The blushing fruits the seasons send,
With elegance shall deck our board,
My care shall be his taste t'attend.

In evenings oft, in pleasing talk,
Leaning on him I'll trace the grove;
Nature will furnish as we walk,
Happy allusions to our love.

Sweet

Sweet poetry I'll study too,
Each pleasing thought with him to share,
My simpleness he'll smiling view,
And with a kiss reward my care.

When wearied with the toil of day,
Or with corroding care oppress'd,
My love, shall all his toil repay,
And sooth his cares upon my breast.

Enter P O L L I O.

Why do you start? why so severely frown?
Can I to Daphne be so hateful grown?
A love so true, can you so ill repay?
Can nothing bend you to his gentle sway?

D A P H N E.

Indeed I started to behold you here,
I little dream't that you could be so near;
But, to my father, I suppose, you came;
No more, with idle love, my steps detain.

P O L L I O.

Why do you still persist? too cruel fair!
Reward my love, my wealth and power share;
The gifts of fortune only happy prove,
If they can be a means to gain your love.

POLLIO.

P O L L I O.

AIR.

Come, and love's gentle pow'r obey,
 My subjects shall their homage pay;
 Beauty, and merit such as thine,
 Will all our fairest nymphs outshine.

Bright sparkling gems, the filken robe,
 Nature's choice gifts shall deck my love;
 For you a splendid train attends,
 On you my bliss and peace depends.

The gilded carr, and envied throne,
 Can Daphne's love deserve alone;
 In mirth, and sports we'll waste the day,
 Our life shall be one holiday.

Then leave these groves, reward my pain,
 And quit the humble shepherd train;
 If love and empire's worth thy care,
 My love and empire come and share.

D A P H N E.

RECITATIVE.

In vain my hand, your wealth and grandeur sues,
 What I denied before, I must refuse:
 No longer make m' ungrateful heart your care,
 But with your love reward some brighter fair.

D O A P H N E

A I R A

Contentment sweet, in humble cell,
 With tranquil peace still loves to dwell;
 Free from noisy flatt'ring throng,
 Of courts, and crowds, with double tongue;
 Here jealousy, and haughty pride,
 And squint-ey'd envy ne'er reside.

Restless ambition comes not here,
 Nor dares false honour here appear;
 Nor vanity, whose apish grace,
 Does lovely nature still debase;
 Nor avarice, whose pining cares,
 Draw on the misery he fears.

These I'll shun, and far from courts,
 Where fortune with men's passions sports;
 Native simplicity I'll seek,
 Who loves to dwell on modest cheek;
 The happiness she gives I'll share,
 With Lycidas, my only care.

P O L L I O.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ah! Lycidas! curst name! what its't I hear,
 My love and honour must that rival share?

You then can love? — A flame your heart can own?
Too haughty maid, your folly shall be shewn.

[*He seizes her, she shrieks — Horns, and Chorus of Hunters, heard at a distance.*]

Enter N I S U S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

No longer waste the precious time in love,
A hunting train is entering the grove
Whom Lycidas commands.

P O L L I O.

Prepare our bands. — [*Exit Nifus.*]
Come fair-one, teach more softness to those eyes,
You'll be more humble, when the victor's prize.

D A P H N E *struggling.*

Oh! ye immortal powers! —

Enter LYCIDAS and Hunters; on the other Side
enter POLLIO's Train.

LYCIDAS.

Villian forbear:
Abandon'd wretch! how cou'd thy rashness dare
My love to violate. —

POLLIO.

P O L L I O.

Too foolish swain
Retire, or with my sword I'll force my claim.

L Y C I D A S.

Fall on. —

They fight on both sides ; Pollio and his party are driven off ; Lycidas and his party return with Daphne. — A symphony — the priest of love enters — the temple is seen in perspective — He crowns Lycidas and Daphne with roses and myrtle, after which the following Epithalamium is sung.

EPITHALAMIUM, *Priest of Love.*

Her absent Venus, Paphos mourns,
She comes to grace our happy isle ;
Britain a purer incence burns,
The goddess deigns on us to smile.
Her doves, with pleasure, hither wing ;
The graces, who delight to sport,
Blith mirth, and jocund pleasure bring,
And Cupid here will fix his court.

C H O R U S.

*Happy Britons, happy isle,
Venus deigns on us to smile ;*

Loves

*Loves and graces here shall sport,
Cupid here will fix his court.*

L Y C I D A S.

Bright Venus gives th' enchanting air,
The graces deck the chosen fair ;
Juno rewards the happy pair,
Whom Jove will make his darling care.
Hebe, and lovely Flora join,
To grace the fair with bloom and youth ;
But Pallas makes her all divine,
Pallas inspires her with her truth.

D A P H N E.

The godlike youth is Mars's care,
With victory his arms he crowns ;
Pleas'd he leads on our glorious war,
Great Mars the warlike Briton owns.
Minerva pleas'd, her son surveys,
His thousand virtues she admires ;
Too great his merit, for our praise,
His name, the free-born Briton fires.

Grand CHORUS.

*Happy Britain ! happiest isle !
 Virtue again now deigns to smile ;
 Proclaim it round, in loudest strain,
 Great GEORGE ! and blooming CHARLOTTE reign !*

F I N I S.



D E L I A,
A
P A S T O R A L E L E G Y.

I.

SACRED to grief, be this once happy grove ;
Mourn all ye Driads, spread a deeper shade,
Whilst I, forlorn, lament the tenderest love,
That e'er inspir'd the breast of youthful maid :
Encrease the gloom, and thou once pleasing stream,
Glide slowly murmuring to my mournful lay,
No thought of joy, henceforth, shall hither gleam,
In sighs, and tears, I'll spend each hated day ;
Keep hence, ye nymphs and swains, drive not your flocks
this way.

II.

Ah! strange reverse! e'er while who was so blest'd,
In merry note, I pip'd on oaten reeds,
'Mongst all our blooming nymphs, who so carefs'd,
Now, who so sad, my heart with anguish bleeds :

No more my pipe, upon the green is heard,
 No more I sing the love-inspired lay ;
 How blithe was I ! whene'er my fair appear'd,
 Love's sweetest melody to her I'd play ;
 But now all joy is fled, I throw my pipe away.

III.

How shall I tell the charms of her I lov'd ?
 How paint the graces which in Delia shone ?
 Her matchless form, e'en envy had approv'd ;
 Detraction knew her not ; but, ah ! she's gone !
 Her lovely eye cou'd drop the pitying tear,
 At others praise, her breast wou'd freely swell,
 E'en vice wou'd blush, shou'd Delia but appear ;
 Slander and lust, abash'd before her fell ;
 Virtue, and faint-ey'd truth, with Delia lov'd to dwell.

IV.

Ah ! happy grove, where first I urg'd my vows ;
 Here first I sigh'd, here felt more anxious fears,
 Than he, unskill'd, who first the green wave ploughs ;
 Late witness of my bliss, behold my tears :
 Here first my Delia, blushing, heard my flame,
 No feign'd resentment on her cheek cou'd glow,
 No cold reserve, for she lov'd not to pain,
 To gentle love, my Delia's heart cou'd bow ;
 'Twas death's most fatal stroke, when Delia felt the blow.

V.

In her sweet Bow'r, by yond primrosy vale,
 With am'rous woodbines, pliant tendrils wound,
 Where mingled sweets, impregnate e'ery gale,
 And daisie buds, and v'lets paint the ground :
 Oft in sweet talk, with her I've pass'd the day,
 Whilst all I said, with kisses she'd approve ;
 No restless passions e'er approach'd that way,
 Our flame was pure, and constant like the dove,
 Our thoughts, our sense the same, for all our talk was love.

VI.

Oft by the margin of yond winding stream,
 Walking with her, repeating the sweet song
 Of some old bard, where chaste love was the theme,
 Th' enamour'd theme, our way wou'd e'er prolong :
 Each happy thought wou'd then receive new fire,
 Each pleasing beauty then wou'd brighter glow,
 A scene like this, wou'd any bard inspire,
 In Delia's praise, my numbers oft wou'd flow ;
 In earliest age, with love, sweet poesie did grow.

VII.

Oft too we stray'd, by moon-light thro' the grove,
 Sweet Philomela's plaintive song to hear,
 Whilst pitying her, we'd bless our happier love,
 Her hapless fate from Delia drew a tear :

But now with her, my lost love I deplore,
 Like her, unceasing, must I mournful sing,
 Soft dawning hope, beams on my soul no more,
 Death, to my mind, alone relief can bring;
 Alas! what cruel griefs, from sweetest causes spring.

VIII.

Then go my faithful dog, go leave my side,
 E'erwhile, how happy in my Delia's care,
 No more in her caresses shalt thou pride,
 No more, Alas! wilt thou her favours share:
 Then go my Tassel, seek some happier swain,
 Who all thy faithful service may reward,
 Leave me to anguish, and heart-rending pain,
 Let not my griefs thy better fate retard;
 He who has lost himself can nought besides regard.

IX.

What then remains for me? why do I stay?
 Since she is gone, no other joy I know;
 Come bidden guest, death hither bend thy way,
 With Delia fled all worth my care below:
 Oh! dear-lov'd maid, still constant will I prove,
 Can thy lov'd image from my bosom part,
 Since thou art gone, what else is worth my love,
 Then haste thee death, relieve me with thy dart;
 His latest pang alone can tear thee from my heart.

V E R S E S

ON THE

D E A T H

OF THE

MARQUIS of CARMARTHEN.

WEEP on! weep on! ye virgin train,
 If sighs, and tears, assuage your pain;
 Quit the grove, each pleasing scene,
 And the gay enamel'd green;
 To Cyprus shades and mournful yew,
 When the night sheds her baneful dew,
 Retire, and till the rising morn,
 Mourn in tears your fate forlorn.

Ah! see the horrid ghastly shade,
 In all his dreadful pomp array'd;
 One leg advanc'd, he seems to stride,
 See the dread spectre swiftly glide;
 His steady, yet extended wing,
 Does, like a sail, the monster bring:

On

On one hand o'er his dart he bends,
 Whilst, from his glass, our fate depends ;
 Thus o'er the surface on he slides,
 Swiftly he comes, nor flies, nor strides ;
 Round the dire terrific king,
 The schreech-owl and night-raven sing.

Hark ! 'tis the mattock and the spade,
 See yonder grave, too newly made ;
 Here mournful rolls the rumbling hearse,
 I hear the solemn funeral verse :
 Hark ! from afar, the passing bell,
 Slowly tolls the doleful knell.

CARMARTHEN too, deserving youth,
 Pattern of innocence and truth ;
 Thou who, at such an early age,
 Delighted'st in the classic page ;
 Virtue deign'd her ray to impart,
 Reason improv'd thy youthful heart ;
 Wisdom taught her fav'rite son,
 But ah, alas ! too soon he's gone ;
 From thy distinguish'd early name,
 What wou'd have been thy future fame ;
 We hop'd, from merit such as thine,
 Thou wou'd'st thy ancestors outshine ;
 Tho' Churchill, Osborne, Sidney join,
 Their glorious names to grace thy line ;
 Godolphin's wisdom, Marlborough's sword,
 Osborne's trident — names tho' ador'd ;

We hop'd shou'd equall'd be by thee,
 But, ah! who knows the fate's decree;
 Alas! he's gone to endless sleep,
 Mourn on, mourn on, unceasing weep;
 Virtue, fair truth, and wisdom's fled,
 The pride of all our youth is dead:

No more, no more, at fate repine,
 Or murmur 'gainst the will divine;
 Virtue and truth, so early shewn,
 Must place him near the heav'nly throne;
 Death took from hence, the faultless youth,
 To place him in the realms of truth;
 Too good to meet reward whilst here,
 He makes the brightest cherub there.

F I N I S.



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We hop'd thou'd equal'd be by thee,
 But, ah! who knows the fate's decree;
 Alas! he's gone to endless sleep,
 Mourn on, mourn on, unceasing weep;
 Virtue, fair truth, and wisdom's fled,
 The pride of all our youth is dead:

No more, no more, at fate repine,
 Or murmur, gainst the will divine;
 Virtue and truth, do early learn,
 Must place him near the heav'nly throne;
 Death took from hence the faultless youth,
 To place him in the list of truth;
 Too good to meet reward whilst here,
 He makes the brightest crown there.



F I N I S

